

ARCADIA;

OR, THE

SHEPHERD'S WEDDING.

A

DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*.

The Music Composed by Mr. STANLEY.

Dis equidem auspiciis reor, & Junone secunda.

Virg.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and R. T O N S O N in the Strand.

M D C C L X I.

[Price Six-pence.]

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OR THE

SHEPHERD'S WEDDING

DRAMATICO



THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE



THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. STANLEY

THE ACTS BY MR. STANLEY

LONDON

Printed for J. and R. Toms in the Strand.

MDCCLXI

[Price Six pence]

DRAMMATIC PERSONS

Mr. O'Connell

DAMON

Mr. Jones

DAMON

Mr. Brown

DAVID

Mrs. Brown

DAVID

Miss Young

DAVID, the Hero

Miss Young

DAVID



ARCADIA, of the House of
Commons



ARCADIA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DAMETAS, Mr. Champness.

DAMON, Mr. Lowe.

PRIEST, Mr. Fawcett.

SYLVIA, Mrs. Vincent.

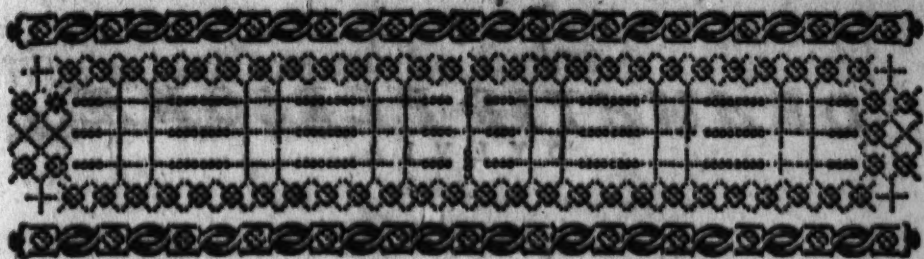
PHOEBE, the Huntress, Miss Young.

DELIA, Miss Young.

ARCADIANS, *by the Singers, Dancers, and
Comedians.*



ARCADIA;



A R C A D I A;

OR, THE

SHEPHERD'S WEDDING.

A

DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

SCENE I. *A View of the Country.*

SHEPHERDS *and* SHEPHERDESSES.

CHORUS.

Shepherds, buxom, blith and free,
Now's the Time for Jollity.

SYLVIA.

[8]

SYLVIA.

AIR.

Hither haste, and bring along
Merry Tale and jocund Song.
To the Pipe and Tabor beat,
Frolick Measures with your Feet.
Ev'ry Gift of Time employ ;
Make the most of proffer'd Joy.
Pleasure hates the scanty Rules
Portion'd out by dreaming Fools.

CHORUS.

Shepherds buxom, blith and free,
Now's the Time for Jollity.

[A Dance of Shepherds, &c,

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

Rejoice, ye happy Swains, rejoice ;
It is the Heart that prompts the Voice.
Be sorrow banish'd far away ;
Thyrsis shall make it Holy-day.

Who

Who at his Name can Joy suppress?

Arcadian born to rule and bless.

D A M O N.

And hark ! from Rock to Rock the Sound
Of winding Horn, and deep-mouth'd Hound,
Breaking with Rapture on the Ear,
Proclaims the blithsome *Phæbe* near :
See where she hastes with eager Pace,
To speak the Joys that paint her Face.



B

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Opens to a Prospect of Rocks.

Huntsmen, Huntresses, &c. coming down from them.

PHOEBE.

Hither I speed with honest Glee,
Such as befits the Mind that's free;
Your chearful Troop, blith Youth, to join,
And mix my social Joys with thine.
Now may each Nymph, and frolick Swain,
O'er Mountain steep, or level Plain,
Court buxom Health, while jocund Horn
Bids Echo wake the Sluggard Morn.

A I R.

When the Morning peeps forth, and the Zephyr's
cool Gale,
Carries Fragrance and Health over Mountain and Dale;
Up, ye Nymphs, and ye Swains, and together we'll rove,
Up Hill, down the Valley, by Thicket or Grove:
Then

Then follow with me, where the Welkin resounds
With the Notes of the Horn, and the Cry of the Hounds.

Let the wretched be Slaves to Ambition and Wealth ;
All the Blessing we ask, is the Blessing of Health.

So shall Innocence' Self give a Warrant to Joys
No Envy disturbs, no Dependence destroys.

Then follow with me, where the Welkin resounds
With the Notes of the Horn, and the Cry of the Hounds.

O'er Hill, Dale, and Woodland, with Rapture we roam ;
Yet returning, still find the dear Pleasures at Home ;
Where the chearful good Humour gives Honesty grace,
And the Heart speaks Content in the Smiles of the Face,
Then follow with me, where the Welkin resounds
With the Notes of the Horn, and the Cry of the Hounds.

[A Dance of Huntsmen and Huntresses.]

D A M Æ T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Small Care, my Friends, your Youth annoys,
Which only looks to present Joys.

B 2

S Y L V I A.

SYLVIA.

Though the white Locks of silver'd Age,
 And long Experience hail thee Sage;
 Ill suits it in this Joy, to wear
 A Brow so over-hung with Care.
 Better with us thy Voice to raise,
 And join a whole *Arcadia's* Praise.

DAMETAS.

With you I joy that *Thyrsis* reigns
 The Guardian o'er his native Plains:
 But Praise is scanty to reveal
 The speaking Blessings all must feel.

DAMON.

True, all must feel—but thankless too?
 Nor give to Virtue, Virtue's due?
 My grateful Heart shall ever shew
 The Debt I need not blush to owe.

DAMON.

D A M O N.

A I R.

That I go where I list, that I sing what I please,
 That my Labour's the Price of Contentment and Ease,
 That no Care from abroad my Retirement annoys,
 That at home I can taste the true Family Joys,
 That my Kids wanton safely o'er Meadows and Rocks,
 That my Sheep graze secure from the Robber or Fox;
 These are Blessings I share with the rest of the Swains,
 For it's *Thyrsis* who gave them, and *Thyrsis* maintains.

D A M A E T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E:

Perish my Voice, if e'er I blame
 Thy Duty to our Guardian's Name!
 His active Talents I revere,
 But eye them with a jealous Fear.
 Intent to form our Bliss alone,
 The generous Youth forgets his own;
 Nor e'er his busy Mind employs
 To find a Partner of his Joys.

So might his happy Offspring own
The Virtues which their Sire hath shewn.

A I R.

With Joy the Parent loves to trace
Resemblance in his Children's Face :
And as he forms their docil Youth,
To walk the steady Paths of Truth,
Observes them shooting into Men,
And lives in them Life o'er again.

While active Sons, with eager Flame,
Catch Virtue at their Father's Name;
When full of Glory, full of Age,
The Parent quits this busy Stage,
What in the Sons we most admire,
Calls to new Life the honour'd Sire.

SYLVIA.

R E C I T A T I V E.

O prudent Sage, forgive the Zeal
Of thoughtless Youth. With thee I feel,

The

The Glories now *Arcadia* shares
May but embitter future Cares.

Oh mighty *Pan* ! attend *Arcadia's* Voice,
Inspire, direct, and sanctify his Choice.

S Y L V I A.

A I R.

So may all thy *Sylvan* Train,
Dryad Nymph, and rustic Faun,
To the Pipe and merry Strain,
Trip it o'er the russet Lawn.
May no Thorn or bearded Grass
Hurt their Footsteps as they pass,
Whilst in Gambols round and round
They sport it o'er the shaven Ground.

Though thy *Syrinx*, like a Dream,
Flying at the Face of Day,
Vanish'd in the limpid Stream,
Bearing all thy Hopes away,

If

If again thy Heart should burn,
 In careſſing,
 Bleſt, and Bleſſing
 May'ſt thou find a wiſh'd Return.

CHORUS.

O mighty *Pan* ! attend *Arcadia's* Voice,
 Inſpire, direct, and ſanctify his Choice.
[A Dance of Huntſmen and Huntreſſes.]

DAMETAS.

RECITATIVE.

Peace, Shepherds, peace, with jocund Air
 Which ſpeaks a Heart unknown to Care,
 Young *Delia* haſtes. The glad Surprize
 Of Rapture ſhining from her Eyes.

Enter *DELIA*.

DELIA.

AIR.

Shepherds, Shepherds, come away ;
 Sadneſs were a Sin To-day.

Let

Let the Pipe's merry Notes aid the Skill of the Voice;
For our Wishes are crown'd, and our Hearts shall rejoice.

Rejoice, and be glad;

For sure he is mad.

Who, where Mirth and good Humour, and Harmony's
found,

Never catches the Smile, nor lets Pleasure go round.

Let the stupid be grave,

'Tis the Vice of the Slave;

But can never agree

With a Maiden like me,

Who is born in a Country that's happy and free.

DAMETAS.

RECITATIVE.

What means this Rapture, *Delia*? shew
Th' Event our Bosoms burn to know.

C

DELIA.

DELIA.

Now as I trod yon verdant Side,
 Where *Ladon* rolls its Silver Tide,
 All gayly deck'd in gorgeous State,
 Sail'd a proud Barge, of richest Freight :
 Where sat a Nymph, more fresh and fair
 Than Blossoms which the Morning Air
 Steals Perfume from ; the modest Grace
 Of Maiden Blush bespread her Face.
 Hither it made, and on this Strand
 Pour'd its rich Freight for Shepherds' Land.
Ladon, for this, smooth flow thy Tide !
 The precious Freight was *Thyrsis*' Bride.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Stop, Shepherds, if aright I hear,
 The Sounds of Joy proclaim them near !
 Lets meet them, Friends, I'll lead the way ;
 Joy makes me young again to-day.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

A View of the Sea, with the Vessel at a Distance.

*Here follows a PASTORAL PROCESSION to the
Wedding of THYRSIS.*

PRIEST.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mighty Pan! with tender Care,
View this Swain and Virgin fair;
May they ever thus impart
Just Return of Heart for Heart.
May the Pledges of their Bliss
Climb their Knees to share the Kiss.
May their steady blooming Youth,
While they tread the Paths of Truth,
Virtues catch from either Side,
From the Bridegroom and the Bride.

C 2

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

May their steady blooming Youth,
While they tread the Paths of Truth,
Virtues catch from either Side,
From the Bridegroom and the Bride.

The END.



